

Miscellaneous Department.

For The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE EXODUS.

Over the prairie at midnight,
A black and dreary waste,
There she led a lonely mother
With wild and fearsome head.

A poor heart-broken mother,
Close to her heaving breast,
With eager death-like claspings,
A trembling babe she prest.

The prairie before her
Loomed up with lurid glare—
Yet still her course was onward,
As life and hope were there.

And ever as she hastened
Upon her weary way,
She played her lute to her sons
To sing her back the day.

"O, keep fast of heaven!"
Cried in tones so wild,
"Then who'd let 'on Hagar
Take pity on my child?"

The hunters were behind her,

She heard the hoard's deep bay,

And angry barks before her

Screamed beckoning to their prey.

"O ocean," she said, "thy wailing,
Fear not the sounding flame,
Through it my arms shall bear thee
From bitter wave and shame."

"They say a foaming river
Flows fast by Freedom's shore,
And there the cruel master
Shall seek my child no more."

"On through the burning flame,
Yet the heat doth not burn me,
But as I fall, falling on me,
It will heat in These."

There is the flame forces part
Like waves on either side;

Beyond she sees the waters

Of a river swift and wide.

She hears the hoard's loud calling,
She hears the bairn's cry;
She sees the fiery pillar,
She feels that help is nigh.

With one wild cry she bounded.

"There's the parted, fishing sea,
O'er having cords she hastened

On—On—

They reached the foaming river
So swift, so dark, and wide,
And angels waiting here them
Save on the other side.

PRETENDING the change in her voice as a fresh indication of fatigue, Leonard invited her to lie down by holding out his hand. She took it in silence, and girded him about her waist.

On their way back to the inhabited side of the house she said nothing more on the subject of the folded pieces of paper which she had placed in his hands. Her attitude was such that they could see that the west friend seemed to be interested in the one set of jealousy watching every step of ground that he walked over, to make sure that it was safe and smooth before she suffered him to set his foot on it.

"And what is your name?" Rosamond? he asked.

"This," she replied, "I mean to make the main interest of the story come in two young married people. They shall be very fond of each other—as fond as we are, and as fond as we shall be in our old age. They have been happy now many a time, and when they have got one child to make them love each other more dearly than ever, a terrible discovery shall full upon them like a thunderbolt. The husband shall have chosen for his wife a young bairn bearing as ancient a family name as—"

"As old as the mountains?" Leonard asked.

"As the name of the Trossachs," Leonard said, after a pause, during which her hand had been restlessly moving the letter to and fro on the table. "The husband shall be a stand-all giant, and the wife more delicate, the nameless name that she bore when he married her."

"I can't say, my love, that I approve of your idea. Your story will destroy the reader into feeling on interest in a woman who turns out to be an imposter."

"No!" cried Rosamond warmly. "A true woman—a wife who never stopped to think, who, when they led the Myrtle Room, was minded on climbing stairs, to be sure, to be most to the wall. While they were descending the stairs, she stopped him in the middle, to inquire if he felt any pain in the knee which he had strained against the chair. At the first word, she brought him to a standstill again, and then more slowly, the next word, that she had been right."

"My own Rosamond!" he said, "come to me and be comforted!"

She had struggled on thus far, and had reached the last line on the second page of the letter, when she paused again, and then tried to read the first of the two signatures. "Rosmond Trevorson." She faintly repeated two syllables that familiar Christian name, and then, with a sigh, was silent. "What is the day?" she said, and stretched to articulate the short word. Her voice faded away.

All the sacred household memories which that letter had professed for ever, seemed to tease themselves from her heart at the sound of music. With a low moan, dry, she dropped her hand on the table, and laid her head on them, hid her face.

She heard nothing, she was conscious of nothing, until she felt a touch on her shoulder—a light touch from her husband, who had chosen for his wife a young bairn bearing as ancient a family name as—

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THE ELOQUENT NEGRO PREACHER.

From the Rev. Dr. Watson's "Tales and Tales."

The next day we were all en route for connecting with the next town, when we were called to officiate at a funeral service in the congregation, and, accompanied with a small interest, the occupant of the "stand." He was a light-colored mulatto, aged about fifty, a little corpulent, mouth large and well-formed, eyes rather small, complexion colored, looking a little dim, but had a frank, open, and genial expression. He was a man who would grow up to womanhood.

In word, his form was symmetrical, and countenance more intelligent than any one of his race had ever seen; nor had he since, in this respect, ever met his equal; others indeed admired his personal beauty, dignity, and character, but his progress through the preliminaries. He possessed but an imperfect knowledge of letters; read with hesitancy and inaccuracy; seemed to depend less upon the text to guide him, than his memory. He spoke in the true negro dialect, but seemed to have a good knowledge of English.

It rolled from his lips with a sharpness of outline and distinctness of enunciation that seemed to import it to a palm or a chisel, transforming it into language of beauty. Some sentences in his prayer and sermon were delivered with a fervor and eloquence that flowed natural from his lips, and as fresh and sparkling, and seemingly as exhaustless, as mountain streams.

"O Lead our way, art thou great? all else doth fail us; but when we trust in thee, we are safe."

"How doth our God exalt the humble? Is it not he that giveth us strength?"

"No; a violin."

"What is your own account to the sacrifice? and to the sacrifice?"

"I did not say that."

"What would you do with her, Lenny? If you were writing the story? I mean, how would you make your wife look like a bairn? It is not consistent to decide it. I am perplexed about how to end the story. How would you end it, love?" As she said, her voice sank sadly to its gentlest pleading tones. She came close to him, and twisted finger in his hand. "How would you end it, love?"

"I am perplexed, too, Lenny, about how to end the story. They reached the foaming river,

so swift, so dark, and wide, And angels waiting here them Save on the other side.

T. E. D.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND. THE TELLING OF THE SECRET.

Fold by fold, Rosamond opened the letter, and saw that there were written characters inside it, traced in ink that had not started to fade yet. She smoothed it out carefully, and then held it up to the light, and looked at the ink line of the writing.

The first line contained only three words—words which told her that the paper, with the writing on it, was not a description of a picture, but a letter, words which made her start to read the moment her eye fell upon them. Without attempting to read any further, she hastily turned over the leaf, to find out the place where the writing ended.

It ended at the bottom of the page. But there was a broad space near the foot of the second page, on which there were two names signed. She looked at the uppermost of the two—started again—and turned back suddenly to the first page.

Line by line and word by word she read, through the writing, with a steady gaze, taking gradually all her features, and a dull, equal whiteness overspreading all her face in its stead. When she had come to the end of the third page, the hand in which she held the letter dropped to her side, and she turned her head to the library door, where Leonard was standing, leaning against the wall, and a dull, equal whiteness overspreading all her face in its stead. When Leonard had come to the end of the fourth page, the hand in which she held the letter dropped to her side, and she turned her head to the library door, where Leonard was standing, leaning against the wall, and a dull, equal whiteness overspreading all her face in its stead.

She had not written as she had seen him a few minutes before, with his legs crossed, his hands clasped together in front of him, and his head turned expectantly in the direction in which he had last heard the sound of his wife's voice. But, in a few moments the immobility in the room was lost. A servant, in which his hands were not held steady, sprang forward, and then called to his wife:

"Rosamond! At the sound of her voice, her lips moved, and her fingers closed over the paper that they held; but she stepped forward not once.

"Rosamond! I am sorry."

Her lips moved again—faint traces of expression began to pass, shadow-like, over the blank whiteness of her face—but advanced one step, hesitated, held at the letter, and stood.

Hearing no answer, he rose surprised and uneasy. Moving his poor, helpless, wretched hands to and fro before his face, in the air, he turned to the few pages, straightening out a few, and then again, which he had been writing, in which his hands were not held steady, to touch, stood in his way; and, as he still advanced, he struck his knee sharply against it.

"I am sorry, he said, as if the pain of the blow had passed, at the instant of the blow, from his hand, from his mind to her. She was by his side in a moment.

"No, no." He tried to press his hand on the place where he had struck himself, but she knelt down directly, and put her own hand there, firmly, and then, again, which he had been writing, in which his hands were not held steady, to touch, stood in his way. He lightly laid the hand which she had interposed, on her shoulder. The moment it touched her, her eyes began to soften; the tears rose in them, and fell slowly, one by one, down her cheek.

"I thought you had left me," he said. "There was a silence that I fancied you had gone out of the room."

"Will you come out with me now?" Her strength seemed to fail, while she asked the question; her head drooped on her breast, and she let the letter fall on the floor.

"Are you tired already, Rosamond? Your voice sounds as if you were."

"I want to have the room," she said, still in the same low, faint, constant tone. "Is you knee easier dear?"

"Certainly. There is nothing in the world the master—no, you are, though you may not confess it—the sooner we leave the room the better."

"I am not to bear the last words he said. Her fingers were working feverishly about her neck and bosom, two bright-red spots beginning to burn in her pale cheeks; her eyes were fixed, vacantly, on the floor; her hands, clasped together, trembled.

"I am not to bear the last words he said, but without the faintest pain in his heart." In that, her face, clasped together, folded double, but still not losing her firmness.

"Keep that, and ask me to read it to you as soon as we are out of the Myrtle Room."

"What is it of importance?"

Instead of answering, she suddenly caught him to her bosom, close to her with the fervor of her impulsive nature, and passionately covered his face with kisses.

"Gentil! gentil!" said Leonard, laughing. "You take away my heart, flesh, and blood."

She ran to him, flushed, trembling again; took him by the arm; and, with a faint smile of impatience, but without the faintest pain in his heart. "In that, her face, clasped together, folded double, but still not losing her firmness.

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"I am the son of a poor peasant."

"Yes, love, I was saying—" She paused, and with trembling fingers, folded up the paper again, exactly in the form in which she had found it.

"Were are you?" he asked. "Your voice sounds as if you were at the other end of the room again. Where are you?"

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